Tabernacle and Purgatory

Vol. 17 *OCTOBER, 1921* *No. 6*

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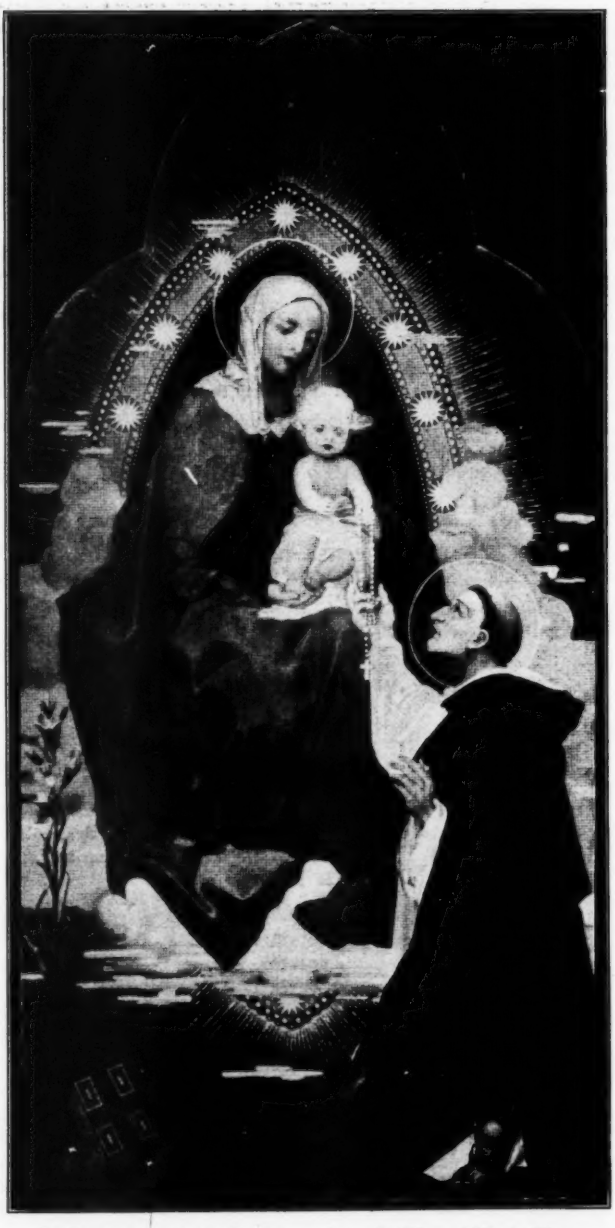
Through the rosary, virtue and good works will flourish; it will obtain for souls the abundant mercy of God; it will withdraw the hearts of men from the love of the world and its vanities, and will lift them to the desire of eternal things. Oh, that souls would sanctify themselves by this means.

The soul which recommends itself to me by the recitation of the rosary, shall not perish.



St. Dominic receiving the Rosary from the Blessed Virgin Mary

Tabernacle and Purgatory

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The Sacrament of Love.

The Gift of Love in the Holy Tabernacle.

WE ALL are children of the Heavenly Father. No father has ever loved his children so much as the Father in heaven loves us. To prove His love, He gave us a gift so great and so sublime that a greater He could not have given:—He gave us His only-begotten Son! And the Only-begotten of the Father loved us so much that He not only became obedient to the death of the Cross, but **He even gave Himself to us wholly and for all times in the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar.** In It He has given Himself to us in a threefold manner, so that in this threefold manner we can truly call Him our own.

He is ours by **His abiding presence** in the holy tabernacle.

He is ours by **immolating Himself** to His Heavenly Father for us in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

He is ours by **giving Himself** to us as our **food,** and as a pledge of life eternal.

In the Blessed Sacrament we possess, indeed, the greatest gift, the highest good, the fountain of all graces, the treasury

of the riches of God. We measure the love of the giver according to the greatness and costliness of the gift, according to the advantages and benefits derived therefrom. Who, then, can fathom the love of our Savior who, by the Holy Eucharist, bestows upon us an inestimable threefold gift!

Jesus is present in the Blessed Sacrament with His Divinity and Humanity, His Soul and Body, His Flesh and Blood. Through His real presence, the tabernacle becomes the treasury of all riches, for there abides Jesus, the fountain of all grace, with the infinite plenitude of His Divine treasures. Here He holds them ever in readiness for us, He calls and invites us to come and take them. **His presence is the life of the Church,** the life, joy and delight of every loving soul. Jesus is our All, our greatest treasure, our highest good! For us He is present in the Blessed Sacrament with all He is and has.

The Divinity of Jesus Christ.

Our Lord and Savior, present in the tabernacle, veils His Divinity, majesty and splendor beneath the robe of humility and abasement. By the garb of lowliness He conceals all His Divine attributes and perfections, with His omnipotence, wisdom and love. As we gaze at the Sacred Host, our bodily eye beholds only the appearance of bread; but the spiritual eye of faith penetrates the veil and beholds the King of kings in His infinite majesty, yet full of mercy, condescension and love.

Oh, how consoling for every faithful soul to know: **My Lord and God is here present,** present for love of me! Now she can exclaim with the spouse in the Canticle: "My Beloved to me, and I to Him!" (ii. 16.) God is ours; God has given Himself to us poor sinful creatures! Who can comprehend this excess of love? Who can fathom the **boundless love** that bestows such a priceless gift on poor creatures!

Jesus is ours in His **Divinity** which has united Itself with the human nature in one Person, and in this union He is present in the Holy Eucharist. Jesus is present with all the merits He acquired while upon earth, and which derive their infinite value from His Divinity. He is ours with all His Divine attributes and perfections. How this knowledge consoles and encourages every downhearted, despondent soul! Here is God, the most generous, who will hear and grant our petitions. Here is God, the all-knowing and all-wise, who sees what is most profitable and necessary for us. Here is God, most

faithful and true, who will keep the promise He has made: He will open when we knock, provided our request is not injurious to our soul, for here is God, the **eternal love,** who wills only our best for time and eternity.

The Humanity of Jesus Christ.

In the Adorable Sacrament, Jesus is present in His **Humanity,** with His true human Soul and His true human Body.

He is present with His true human Soul, His noble, holy Soul. He is present with that Soul which endured unspeakable anguish on the Cross by being forsaken by the Father. He is present with that Soul which perceived as we perceive, and felt as we feel — truly and humanly, for He is like unto us, sin excepted. He is present also with the higher faculties of the soul, the understanding and free will, hence not only with His Divine will but also with His human will which was always most perfectly subject to the Divine will of His Father: "I seek not My own will, but the will of Him that sent Me" (John v. 30). Jesus, therefore, is present with His human Soul, radiant with infinite beauty and splendor, now incapable of suffering. He loves you, O child of Adam, He loves you unspeakably, also with His human Soul! He **shares with you the treasures** of immeasurable virtues and merits, of graces and gifts, with which the Eternal God has endowed and embellished His most beautiful Soul.

In the Blessed Sacrament, Jesus is present with His **true human Body** which is permeated with the Divinity. His Sacred Humanity is now resplendent with heavenly glory and free from all suffering. Yes, Jesus is here present with the same Body which He assumed from Mary, the immaculate Virgin, with the same Body in which He endured cold and hardships, hunger, thirst and fatigue, and finally sacrificed It amidst nameless woe upon the Cross.

Behold! here are the same loving eyes that looked upon men with mercy and compassion. Their tender, fatherly gaze rests upon you, kneeling before the tabernacle. Here are those lips that once spoke such sweet, entrancing words. They speak likewise to your heart, but their soft, mysterious whisper is heard only by the ears of the soul.

Here are the same hands that once blessed and did so much good. He extends them also to you, **to draw you to His loving Heart,** to bless you and enrich you with His graces.

Here are the same feet that, for man's salvation, wearied and fatigued themselves. Now they rest in deepest retirement in the Holy Sacrament.

Here is present His Sacred Heart which beat for you in unspeakable love until, finally, It broke far you in death; in the Sacred Host, this amiable Heart still beats as warm, as clear and loud for each loving soul. Here is present His Precious Blood which coursed from His Adorable Heart into every member of His Body, and which, in love, was shed to the last drop as the infinite price of our Redemption. This Blood still flows, but in a mystical manner, upon our altars.

After Three Hundred Fourteen Years!

LOVE FOR GOD, particularly for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, was the supreme virtue of the sainted Carmelite nun, Mary Magdalen de Pazzi. This saraphic virgin was born of a noble family on April 2, 1566 in Florence, Italy. There she lived and died, and there her incorrupt body still rests.

Her early life was one of singular innocence and mortification. She was remarkably firm in her determination to become a spouse of Christ and steadfastly refused all flattering proposals of marriage. At the age of fifteen, she entered the Carmelite convent in Florence.

It was love for the Holy Eucharist which prompted her choice of a religious community. She chose that of *Sancta Maria degli Angeli* because there the nuns received Holy Communion daily. She actually hungered for this heavenly Food, and received many sublime revelations concerning this great gift of God. Whilst mistress of novices, she once knelt in the midst of the sisters and exclaimed: "O sisters, were we to penetrate deeply into the fact that whilst the Sacred Species last, the entire Blessed Trinity dwells within us in an incomprehensible manner, we would not approach Holy Communion so coldly, nor would we for trifling causes neglect to receive It and thus deprive ourselves of so great a good!"

Her words, uttered with the greatest fervor, awoke in souls an ardent desire to communicate frequently. "Consider," she said, "that when you receive your God in Holy Communion, you perform the greatest action of which we are capable.

Shrine in which the incorrupt body of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi is preserved in the Carmelite monastery of Florence, Italy, bearing the saint's name. The good nuns of this convent suffered greatly from the effects of the war. They are now pitifully in need. Our dear readers will be interested to learn that we sent them a small alms for which we received the grateful acknowledgment printed on page 191. With their letter, the Carmelites enclosed the picture of the highly venerated body from which a cut was taken for the above. On her pilgrimage to Rome in 1887, the "Little Flower of Jesus" knelt before this treasured relic. She was the only one of her party whose hand was small enough to pass through the grating, and she was delighted to touch the venerated body with the rosaries of her companions.

"Be on your guard never to communicate from mere custom, but always with lively devotion (at least with a pure intention).

"Holy Communion is the most efficacious means to perfect the soul. If you receive It as It should be received, you will be filled with the love of God in a short time, for a single Communion suffices to make a soul holy.

"Live so that one Holy Communion is a preparation for the next. An excellent preparation for worthy Communion is to perform all the duties of your state of life with the pure intention of pleasing God.

"After Holy Communion you possess your greatest treasure:

Jesus Christ. Those moments when you bear this Divine Guest within you are the most suitable time to speak to God to hear His voice, to learn from Him how to serve Him according to His holy will. Use every moment of this holy time for affections and acts of love, praise and thanksgiving.

"Never omit a Holy Communion through your own fault. It is an injustice toward the love with which Jesus gives Himself to us in this Sacrament if we neglect to receive Holy Communion when we can do so."

Our saint's love for the Blessed Sacrament enabled her to practice true charity toward her neighbor, for she regarded others as tabernacles and ciboriums of her Eucharistic Lord.

Without Any Corruption.

The body of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi has been often examined and always found without any corruption. What a marvel: this virgin's body has remained intact for three hundred fourteen years! We ask ourselves, who is this whom God so honors? What are the virtues which thus affect even the mortal body? The answer is: God in thus honoring one of His hidden saints, proves to the world how precious in His sight are those who keep their hearts and bodies pure for Him.

Times have changed, customs and manners have altered since the days of this saintly Carmelite, Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, but God is the same yesterday, today and forever. That which attracted Him then, attracts Him no less now. He continues to look for pure souls in which He can delight to dwell.

The incorrupt body of our saint is God's living approval of her life of sacrifice and love, so little valued by men. This virginal body knelt before the tabernacle thirty times a day to console our Eucharistic Lord for His abandonment by men. This virginal body was the daily receptacle of the Heavenly Manna which imparted even to her flesh the germ of immortality which It implants in the soul. Our saint realized how just was our Lord's complaint to St. Mechtilde: "I have an abundance of all things except human hearts," and this knowledge made her often lament, "Alas! Love is not loved!"

God leaves in the midst of this sensual, corrupted world the incorrupt body of His servant, and points to it with the words: "Blessed is the chaste generation." Even after death, St. Mary Magdalen showed her horror for the vice of impurity,

An immoral nobleman came to view her body exposed for veneration before its burial. Lo! the lifeless form of the saint turned its face away from the curious, immodest glance of this lascivious man!

Holy Communion is the antidote against impurity. "For the youth of our days, purity is not possible without Holy Communion," says Mgr. de Segur. "What a wonderful change there would be in our colleges and schools if frequent Communion were established therein. There is no vice which cannot be rooted out by the regular reception of the Sacraments . . . What is impossible without Jesus will become easy with Him." The moral dangers surrounding youth are becoming daily more numerous. The immoral, suggestiveness of motion pictures, fashions and "funny" papers are blunting the love of purity and robbing young souls of the robe of innocence. God grant that St. Mary Magdalen, whose incorrupt body this sinful world preserves, may obtain these two graces for men: love for the Blessed Sacrament, and purity of heart and body.

The Most Beautiful Greeting.

It is Saturday, the day dedicated to the Blessed Virgin from earliest times. High Mass in honor of the Mother of God is being celebrated in the Benedictine Abbey Church of Rodersdorf. St. Mechtilde, the charming mystic and poetess of the Middle Ages, kneels in prayer, and meditates on the words of the Introit: "Hail, holy Mother." She feels her heart thrill with love for the spotless Virgin Mary. "O sweetest Queen of Heaven," she exclaims from the depths of her soul, "would that I could greet thee with the sweetest salutation ever conceived by human heart."

Instantly the glorious Virgin appears to her, bearing on her bosom the *Hail Mary*, in letters of gold. "Higher than this salutation, no mortal yet has reached," says the Blessed Virgin, "nor can anyone greet me more sweetly than he who salutes me with the reverence with which the Heavenly Father greeted me with: *Hail Mary!*"

To consider this glorious salutation is now our pleasant task. What leaves are to the tree, blades of grass to the meadow, stars to the firmament, drops to the ocean, that the *Hail Mary* is to the Rosary. Never will he enjoy the Rosary

in its full sweetness, who does not understand the fragrance and charm of the *Hail Mary*.

Hail Mary.

Come with me, but very quietly, make no noise, we must be very cautious not to disturb any one. Come to a house in Nazareth. Let us see the little Babe that has just come into the world, born of Anna, the wife of Joachim. Tread softly, very softly to the cradle of the Child. Raise the sweet - scented coverlet and behold this most charming Child of grace. How peacefully it sleeps! How lovely its face, how dainty its tiny hands! And whilst you contemplate it lying there in innocence and weakness, repeat from the depths of your heart, "*Ave Maria!* Hail Mary!" Yes, hail fairest Infant, joy was brought to the whole world on the day when thou didst first behold this earth. Hail, fairest Infant, destined to regain the paradise of the soul for those of good will. Hail, for the first time; accept this first greeting; first-fruits are always welcome. Soon hosts of angels

will greet thee, soon millions of men; but I will greet thee already today: *Ave Maria!* And carefully we replace the coverlet and take our leave, happy in our hearts to have seen and greeted the most beautiful Child of earth.

Full of Grace.

About sixty years have passed. Again we enter a venerable apartment — this time the death chamber of our Blessed Lady. Here we wait till the last breath has fled from this purest, holiest body. But why? Should it really be necessary to wait till Mary has drawn her last breath before we praise her "blessed," and "full of grace"? Was she not "full of grace" during her whole life, since never, never in all those many years was her heart sullied with the least breath of sin? Yea, still more. Was she not, in the first moment of her existence "full of grace," since by a special privilege, she was conceived free from the stain of original sin? Certainly, certainly! But, on the other hand, does it not seem that it was just death which put the seal of perfection on that beautiful life of grace?

Not till death, when the last link has been clasped in that chain of graces, not till death can we see, as a unit, what "great things" the Lord has done for Mary. From the first moment of her life we could call out, "Full of grace," — how much more now, after the solemn close of such a life!

Come then! Let us adorn the dear departed. Let us bring flowers, flowers of every kind and hue; because flowers remind us of paradise, flowers are types of virtue. Was not Mary's heart, during her whole life, a blooming garden of paradise, filled with incomparable, heavenly blossoms of virtue? Bring lilies, fresh, white lilies; for Mary was a lily even in her Immaculate Conception, being conceived without the least stain of sin; and a lily she remained during her entire life. Accept then, O thou Full of Grace, the spotless lily of purity, the radiant rose of charity, the charming violet of humility.

The Lord is with Thee.

The chaste body lies cold in death. And the soul of the Mother of our Lord? What awaits her at the throne of God? The Heavenly Father opens His arms and welcomes her to heaven: "Hail, most beautiful of all My daughters, enter into everlasting joys!" The Son arises and exclaims: "Hail, O My spotless Virgin Mother!" The Holy Ghost hovers above

her and exults: "Hail, my beautiful Spouse!" Already the Triune God prepares to place a crown upon the brow of this peerless Virgin-Mother to crown her Queen of Heaven and earth. Yes, Mary is now with the Lord for ever and always. Eternally the words of the angelic salutation are fulfilled: "The Lord is with thee!"

Blessed art Thou among Women.

Now the Lord shows her the beauty of heaven, and all her subjects. From all times, generations, nations and races they draw near. From this vast multitude, the holiest women and virgins that earth has ever beheld step forward, the bridesmaids of the Virgin Mary. All are beautiful, wondrously beautiful; but not one can compare, even remotely, with Mary, exalted above all generations, favored among all women. Yes, Mary, the Queen of all mankind, she is truly "blessed among women."

And Blessed is the Fruit of Thy Womb, Jesus.

Thus the Christian continues to pray. But, behold! Does it not seem as though Mary were rising high, very high, and her form were becoming dazzlingly beautiful? Does not her splendor become like that of a thousand suns, whilst in her arms we see the Child Jesus? She takes the Divine Child, supports Him under His arms, and, as the priest at the altar raises the monstrance, so does Mary raise the Child higher and higher; then, slowly and gently lowers Him again: Mary blesses the earth with her Blessed Child. And as she blesses, the earth below seems to unfold itself in all its sorrow, in all its misery. Ah, truly, this earth is a vale of tears. Millions and millions kneel and pray; many a rosary is clasped in the hand; many a tear glistens in the eye; for the sad lot that is theirs here on earth, weighs all too heavily upon them. Now, that Mary raises her Child in benediction, the cry grows louder and mightier than ever:

Holy Mary, Mother of God, Pray for Us Sinners, Now and at the Hour of Our Death.

In answer to this petition, a stream of grace flows from the Heart of Mary and from the Heart Jesus, her Child. As the bright rays proceeding from the lucid sun, give light and warmth to the earth, thus the graces coming from Jesus and

His Holy Mother, fall like radiant sunbeams upon the souls of men. When such a sunbeam enters a depressed heart, the despondent spirit is greatly comforted; when this sunbeam falls upon the heart of a sinner, the sinner receives the grace of conversion; when a sunbeam falls upon a sickbed, the patient regains the coveted health; when a heavenly sunbeam falls upon one in his agony, it procures him the grace of a happy death.

Whenever the faithful grow weary of prayer, when they become lax, then Mary ceases to bless. But the more they pray, the more fervently and the more bountifully, likewise, does Mary bless. Let us not grow weary of ardent prayer, of reciting the beautiful prayer of the Rosary. We cannot conceive anything better, anything that would be more pleasing to the Mother of our Lord than the angelical salutation, that salutation which, according to Our Lady's words to St. Mechtilde, no mortal has ever excelled.

And what of the Rosary which is composed of many such salutations? — The illustrious Suarez declared that he would gladly exchange all his learning for the merit of one devout *Hail Mary*. Ah, what then, must be the value, the merit of a well-prayed Rosary? Therefore, do not cease to pray your Rosary most fervently! Do not cease to clasp in your hands and to your heart, your treasured beads.

A Blasphemer Punished.

This recent incident, related in the Italian papers, among them the liberal *Corriere della Sera*, caused great sensation in the vicinity of Florence where it took place. Giacomelli, a stout young man of twenty-four years, was taking a walk near Grespiano with his friend and was accompanied by his dog. As they passed a wall in which there was a niche with a statue of the Blessed Virgin, his friend respectfully greeted the image. Giacomelli, however, derided his friend, and taking the dog, rubbed its nose on the image. Scarcely had he finished this sacrilegious act, when he became stiff, and as if rooted to the spot was unable to move a limb. All exertions of his friend and other persons to relieve his condition proved fruitless. There was nothing to be done but to carry the unhappy man to his home. Physicians, among them Dr. Boggi of Fauglia, finally succeeded after several hours to bring motion to his stiffened limbs. But now another strange circumstance took place. The blasphemer began to bark, and continued thus day and night. Many people gathered about the house to hear these strange cries, and to witness this terrible chastisement.

A Heavenly Stream.

HOW GRAND, how elevating a sight to stand on a nearby height and gaze upon the vast expanse of the blue Columbia which rolls majestically through fertile valleys, onward toward the mighty ocean. As we gaze, rapt in wonder and admiration, now up-stream, now down-stream, we muse: "Whence come these waters? Whither are they hastening?"

Yes, truly: Whence come you, great and mighty river? Who has given you those millions of ripples, those billions of drops? — We all know the answer: mountains and verdant forests have given freely of their treasures, have sent their hundreds of streamlets down into beautiful valleys. These tributaries have united, and by this union have increased until they became streams. The streams grew as they hastened on and on, until the mighty river took them up to lead them away, far away, into the great immeasurable sea.

But I know of a wondrous river greater and mightier than any American or Asiatic stream. Indeed, so broad is this stream, so deep and pure its waters, that among earthly streams its equal has never yet been found. Its sources are found upon earth, but **its course differs from other rivers, for it tends upward, toward heaven.** Doubtless it is the youngest of all streams; for there was a time when, for thousands of years, the streams had coursed along, while of this stream there was not so much as a drop. But after the first streamlet had sprung forth, it grew, grew gigantically, until the present time, and it will continue to grow until the last day, when it will pour its waters into the shoreless ocean of eternity.

What kind of a stream is this? What name does it bear? It is called the **Holy Rosary. This is the expansive waters of grace, formed by the streamlets of prayer,** which unceasingly rise from earth to heaven in honor of the Mother of God. Each *Ave Maria* ever uttered upon earth, each rosary sent up from my heart as the blessed beads slipped through my fingers, belongs to this wonderful stream. And do you wish to know where the first drop of this giant stream sprang up? I answer: in lowly Nazareth. There, from angel-lips, the first words of praise were addressed to Mary in view of her dignity as Mother of God. There, for the first time, she was venerated, when the angel in the name of the Blessed Trinity greeted her: *Ave, gratia plena!* Thus

did the stream originate. And whence are the streamlets? They are the *Aves* which have flowed from every human heart that has ever loved and venerated Mary.

Oh, what multitudes of people, what various nations have contributed to Mary's stream! High and low, laborers and officials, innocent children and contrite sinners, joyful hearts and sorely-tried spirits, – all, as often as they prayed an *Ave Maria,* have increased the stream which flows onward to its destination, the throne of Mary, God's own beloved Mother.

Having sprung into existence, the stream grew from century to century. But since Christians have begun to pray the rosary, it has become gigantic. For this beautiful prayer contains fifty-three *Aves,* therefore fifty-three drops, as it were, for Mary's stream. It continues to grow, this powerful stream; it grows even in our days for, truly, as ages pass, the many rosaries that ascend to heaven do not diminish. On the contrary, the stream of prayer keeps on swelling; majestically its waves roll on and on.

With joy and tenderness the Blessed Mother gazes upon this marvelous stream, and she is moved to the depths of her maternal Heart. With merciful hand she deals out her choicest graces to the children of men, and down-stream she sends her heavenly gifts, as upon heavily laden vessels. **Comfort in sorrow, health in sickness, conversion of hardened hearts, return to the true faith, help in the hour of death** — such and many more are the heavenly gifts of God's compassionate Mother.

But one thing may not be overlooked. Not all drops that form earth's waters are exactly alike. Neither are the drops of the stream of prayer equally valuable and beautiful. Just examine the crystal drop you take from the limpid mountain brook and compare it with the dark, muddy drop taken from the miry waters of a swollen river. And the *Ave Marias*, the prayerdrops of our giant stream? — The one is clear, shining, sparkling; the other dark, muddy, dull. The one is prayed with recollection and devotion; the other with distraction and carelessness. One rosary truly is inspiring praise of Mary; another a monotonous mechanical repetition.

But you, dear Reader, make this beautiful resolution: "All the days of my life I will aim to swell, by my weak prayers, the magnificent stream that winds its course onward to the honor of our dear Lady. **But only pure, clear, sparkling drops** will I offer to the Mother of my God."

As your prayerdrops fall into the sublime stream and there mingle with millions and millions of other crystal drops which have come from all parts of the earth, it may happen, dear Reader, that an *Ave* from you and one from us may meet and recognize each other! Then, after a hearty greeting, they will hasten onward together to salute the Blessed Virgin. All drops are as brethren, since all in common have the same beautiful mission: to praise and extol Mary, the Mother of God.

Oh, the **love for God's Mother** is such a sublime bond that so sweetly and firmly **unites us Catholics!** Whether here in this life we are related or not, whether separated by high mountains and vast oceans, whether we live in a populous city or secluded farmhouse, or within the silent, hallowed walls of the cloister,—we are and remain united in spirit: through our love and veneration for the Blessed Mother of God.

Sister Angela's Troubles.

Our good Sister Angela, always so pleasant and cheerful, has been looking rather depressed of late. We encouraged her to make known her trouble to her friends and thus lighten her heart. Here is her letter:—

Dear Reader,

When in trouble, one looks for help from a true friend. You are a tried and trusted friend of "Tabernacle and Purgatory." We have all the confidence in the world in you, and we come to ask your aid. Our anxiety concerns the increase of subscriptions. "Why don't you put your magazine into agents' hands?" some may ask. Because, dear friend, we wish to be faithful to you. The following letter from a pastor, in one of our largest cities, will explain clearly. This we received after our announcement in the May issue of ignoring the flattering proposal of an agent to secure 50,000 new subscriptions for us within a year.

"You are to be congratulated that you did not fall a victim to these money-sharks who do more harm to the Catholic cause than good. I am speaking from experience in plenty in this part of the country, where they send out their men, without principle, who lie by the wholesale, insult good women if they do not subscribe to a new periodical about every week, say that it all goes to raise poor students to the priesthood, that you get so many hundred Masses, indulgences, etc. They

are scoundrels, bold beyond imagination! I have confronted them in our parish; they promised to quit lying and saying that I — the pastor — sent them and want every family to subscribe — but in the next house they would repeat their lies. Nor does the 'company' seem to bother very much about such methods, for they are repeated about 12 times a year... Had you joined such, I would have given up your book and would not have permitted it in my parish, for I feel it would have been a way of imposing on our good sacrificing people... I read your magazine the minute it comes from the mail, and I feel that you'll have more blessing, — even if a few less subscribers — if you continue as you have done."

We could easily obtain thousands of subscribers through these agents, but, dear reader, you would be the loser, for they demand an increase of price to $2.00. Now, we know that $1.00 covers the cost of our publication; our Sisters themselves do the printing, and we will not charge you more! But the country is being overrun with agents of the above type, and they belittle a periodical for which they do not collect. We have lost several thousands of subscribers. They keep $1.00 or $1.25 for their commission on each $2.00 subscription. As a result magazines for which you are paying $2.00 to agents do not give you a higher quality of reading matter, a better assortment of religious pictures, or neater print than our publication for $1.00. Do not listen to those agents when they run down "Tabernacle and Purgatory." Just show them the door!

Now dear reader, we have been faithful to you. In return, be faithful to us! Form the resolution: I am determined to make up for what "Tabernacle and Purgatory" has lost through those unscrupulous agents. Yes, each one of you become "our agent." For love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, for love of the Blessed Virgin Mary whose honor we promote in our magazine, we beg you to secure new subscribers for "Tabernacle and Purgatory." Those above-mentioned agents take every kind of rebuke, just to get their almighty $1.00 commission on a subscription. Surely you will cheerfully bring a little sacrifice or suffer a slight inconvenience for love of our Savior and His Holy Mother.

Awaiting good results from this manifestation of my troubles, I remain, with very kind affections,

Yours in the Sacred Heart,

Sister Angela

Secretariate of State
of His Holiness

The Vatican, July 26, 1921.

Very Reverend Father Lukas,

With intense gratification, the Holy Father has been apprised of the great good that you, Reverend Father, assisted by other charitable persons, have accomplished in behalf of various religious institutions and pious associations, especially of Carinthia. These religious institutions have, until now, been saved from total ruin by the substantial relief which you have generously forwarded to them. There are not less than fifteen Convents of religious orders, ten Religious houses, six Pious institutes, among the latter the episcopal Seminary of Klagenfurt, which voice their acknowledgment and gratitude to their benefactors, to thank them and to pray the Lord that He may deign to bestow the choicest

heavenly graces on those who have so generously extended the hands of charity to their brethren in need.

To these expressions of gratitude, the Representative of that God who has said, that we should consider as done for Himself whatever good we have done to our neighbor, the Father of the Christian Family, who is always a sharer in the joys and sorrows of its members, cannot but add his own word of thanks and his own prayer.

His fatherly heart is rejoiced at the sight of so many of his beloved children saved from misery and starvation by the undying fire of Christian charity which you have enkindled in the noble hearts of others. Oh, may they continue to hasten to their assistance! The Vicar of Jesus Christ thanks you, Reverend Father, and all those who have contributed to a work of such flourishing charity and in a spirit so eminently religious. He invokes heaven to bestow upon you and upon each and every benefactor an abundance of richest rewards.

As a further sign of his paternal benevolence, the August Pontiff from his heart imparts to you, and to the above-mentioned benefactors, his Apostolic Blessing.

In delivering these presents to your Reverence, I have the pleasure to be, with sentiments of sincere regard,

Most affectionately yours in the Lord,

✠ P. Cardinal Gasparri.

This splendid letter came from the Vatican entirely unexpectedly. A prelate of Carinthia, who has been a faithful distributer of our alms in that province of Austria was overcome at sight of so much love and charity shown by the noble readers of "Tabernacle and Purgatory." In gratitude, he informed the Holy Father, in order that the Vicar of Christ, in the name of all the institutions of Carinthia, might himself express thanks to the benefactors. God be praised, we have been able to give substantial aid not only to Carinthia, but also to other German-Austrian provinces and to southern Germany. We fear, however, and not without reason, that during the coming winter we shall not be able to save all the convents, unless the unexampled charity and benevolence of our readers and their friends will make this possible.

The above beautiful letter shows clearly how greatly it rejoiced the Holy Father to hear that so many of our dear readers have, until now, given aid in so noble a manner to the poor religious and children. His Holiness was also deeply moved at the donation of scholarships for the education of students to the sacred priesthood. He was amazed at the Christian charity and generosity, especially of so many noble women and working girls. It was like balsam for his sorely-tried paternal heart. With heartfelt emotion, he imparts to all the benefactors his Apostolic Blessing with which is connected a plenary indulgence.

You will notice how the Holy Father encourages us to continue our work of mercy. He knows that distress will be doubled during the coming winter. In an audience, His Holiness expressed surprise that here and there in this country, some organizations intend to discontinue their charitable alms to the sufferers of Austria and Germany. He pointed out that just during the ensuing winter, support is as necessary as formerly, otherwise millions will be exposed to the severest hardships, and hundreds of thousands must stare starvation in the face. May these words of the Holy Father be for us a mighty spur to do all in our power to alleviate the great need of the poor sisters and the many children under their care. Let us not grow weary in doing good. An infinitely great reward and heaven will be ours! God bless you all!

Holy Joys!

I am a priest. That means, that I am happy, very happy. My happiness I shall describe to you in simple words today.

My happiness wakes with me every morning, sometimes even before the rising of the sun. With a light and joyful step I hasten to church. **I celebrate my happiness** robed in white linens, in silken vestments ornamented with costly embroidery. **My eternal happiness permits me to ascend the heights of God.** — A priest forever! "*Introibo ad altare Dei, ad Deum, qui laetificat juventutem meam!* — I will go unto the altar of God: to God who giveth joy to my youth!" What a happiness for me and for my God!

Of old, God spoke to Moses: "Come not nigh hither, put off the shoes from thy feet." And Holy Scripture says further: "Moses hid his face and durst not look at God" (Exod. iii. 5-6). To me, however, the Lord says, full of love and mercy: "Come, draw nearer, ascend the heights of the altar." My brothers, my sisters draw back timorously; they dare not tread the steps of the sacrificial altar. Reverently they kneel; but I ascend full of courage, joy, and trust in God, up, up to the heights of the altar. The steps are few, yet they lead higher than snow-capped peaks; they lead into spheres beyond this world. They lead up to the great White Throne, where, softly and perpetually, the "Holy, holy, holy!" floats upon the air; where the heavenly harpers hush their thrilling harmonies and listen silently; where burning seraphs droop their wings in ravishment ineffable.

True, I am like the majority of happy people, — I do not realize my happiness. Sometimes, when I am unfaithful, and

love would depart from me, a sudden pang penetrates my soul, and then I realize that there is one Thing infinitely more precious to me than light, air and life. Then I realize **that only in Christ, only in the Sacred Host can I be happy.** O Lord, rather let me die than be separated from Thee. Rather let my feet become numb in death than be denied the privilege of ascending Thy holy altar.

At times, too, in sweetest peace, I become conscious of what it means to be a priest. When the Sacred Host rests on the corporal before me and I bend low to kiss the altar, and my forehead almost touches the Word-made-Flesh, then the meaning of the words which I have just uttered become clear to my heart: "*Supplices Te* — I most humbly beseech Thee, Almighty God, to command this offering to be carried by the hands of Thy holy angel before the face of Thy Divine Majesty, that by partaking of the most sacred Body and Blood of Thy Son, I may be filled with **every heavenly grace and blessing."**

Ah! my heart is then transported with delight! Full of gratitude, I take the Sacred Host, and whilst blessing the chalice, say with inmost devotion: "*Per ipsum, et cum ipso, et in ipso, est tibi Deo Patri omnipotenti in unitate Spiritus Sancti, omnis honor et gloria!* — **Through Him, and with Him, and in Him, is to Thee, God the Father Almighty, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honor and glory."** Oh, what happiness to be a priest, and to offer worthily perfect honor and glory to the Most High!

O blissful morn, sanctified through the Holy Sacrifice! Like St. John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, I, too, would lean on the bosom of my Master. And, in very deed, the good Jesus enters into my heart through Holy Communion, unites Himself most closely with me, that **my joy and my happiness may be complete.** He wishes to be one flesh, one blood, one heart with me because He loves me. glory

My happiness remains with me till evening. During the day I again approach the tabernacle. Silence and solitude reign in the sanctuary. Yes, thus I like it. All alone I wish to speak to my Lord; my soul delights in His presence. This half hour during the day, or better still, during the night, is like paradise regained. My Lord loves me, and I desire to love Him. Two good friends have met: the One loves infinitely, the other desires to love in return. O blissful solitude

before the tabernacle! **Happy the priest that loves and understands this solitude!** It will become for him an enclosed garden of beauty and fruitfulness, a sealed fountain full of vigor, flowing into eternal life. Blessed the priest who realizes his happiness, who understands the solitude of the tabernacle, who finds his delight on the sacred heights of the altar.

To pray for holy priests is a most excellent prayer. May God send many zealous priests into His vineyard! They will become the greatest blessing for the Church and the faithful.

The "Thought from Heaven."

In this country the education of a priest costs from $1500.00 to $2000.00. In Germany and Austria, however, a donation of $500.00 would be sufficient for the education of a youth to the priesthood. However, many people with the best will are unable to sacrifice $500.00; but $250.00 or $300.00 would probably be possible for them. Be consoled, for this amount would defray the expenses of a student of philosophy or theology until his ordination. What a joy for the student, what a consolation for the bishop, when such a noble gift arrives! Others, again by being saving, can lay aside $50.00 or $60.00 a year. That is just sufficient to pay the expenses of a student for one year. Now he can study! Without this support he would be obliged to give up his studies!

Whoever adopts a student until he has attained the priesthood, even for only one year, may send us the offering. We will forward the donation to the diocesan bishop or to the director of the seminary who will apply it to the education of a worthy student. The bishop or director of the seminary will write you himself, and also the happy student. He will be in communication with you until he says his first Holy Mass. And be assured, the bond of charity will be drawn still more closely after his ordination. Then, dear reader, can you not say in truth: I have a priest in my family! Oh, believe me, this priest will be a most grateful son, a most dutiful brother; he will never cause you grief or anguish. On the contrary, he will be your great joy and consolation, especially at the hour of death.

Those who send part payments for scholarships will help us avoid much delay in forwarding their money to Europe, if they will please state clearly how they wish their donation applied: either for a student's full course, costing $500.00 or

for a student of philosophy and theology costing from $250 00 to $300.00. Kindly mention, too, if you can read German.

You will notice from the letters of thanks from the bishops, both in this and recent issues of "Tabernacle and Purgatory," that they intend to wait until classes have commenced in October to select the students for whom your scholarship money is to be applied. This is why some have not yet heard from their "adopted son."

* * *

The above "Thought from Heaven" has been an inspiration to many a heart. God bless those noble donors who have given the sufferers of Europe, "not only bread, but priests who will give them the Bread of eternal life," as Cardinal Faulhaber so beautifully expresses it in his subjoined letter of thanks.

On July 8th, we sent him 7 scholarships; on August 7th 12 more.

Munich, August 19, 1921.

Reverend and Dear Confrater,

A thousandfold "God reward" for your noble gift of 215,055 mark to be applied for the education of poor students to the priesthood. Of all our benefactors, you have not only the most happy and original ideas, but also the best methods to help us in the most effectual way. This is shown by your appeal for aid, and practical scholarship papers. Undoubtedly, it is from the Heart of Jesus, that you have derived both the idea and the method of realizing this splendid idea. Oh, that I could, for once in my life, have the happiness to kneel in your Adoration Chapel before the altar, and in the community circle of your good religious, offer the Holy Sacrifice for our benefactors, and give you, Reverend Father, in ***corde Jesu*** the ***amplexus pacis!***

The scholarship papers will be returned when the names of the students have been entered thereon, after school has opened, and after I have conferred with the director of the seminary. We shall not select very young beginners, many of whom, in later years drop off again from theology, but such who, though still in the preparatory college, are more matured in their vocation, at least as far as human prudence can foresee. And from among these, such will be chosen whose poverty or the death of

parents, would otherwise oblige them to discontinue their studies. What a rejoicing that will be! How glorious is the gift of these benefactors — they have given not only bread, but priests who give us the Bread of eternal life.

May the Heart of Jesus, the Ocean of goodness, grant you and all our noble benefactors His love, and with it, heaven upon earth. Further information will follow. With deeply moved soul, I again thank you.

✠ Michael Faulhaber, Cardinal

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This is Archbishop Rieder's appreciative letter after receiving 36 scholarships.

Salzburg, August 24, 1921.

Dear Rev. Father Lukas,

I cannot express the joy and emotion I felt on receiving your two letters of the 15th and 26th of July, enclosing three drafts of $3000.00 each, of which $7,044.00 are for students and the remainder for priests and the poorest convents and children. Thanks, a thousand and a thousand times! I cannot say how much more freely I can breathe again.

What affords me the greatest comfort is the help for my students who are preparing for the priesthood. How prudently you have planned everything! How carefully everything is arranged and placed into our hands! Only the love of our Savior could have been the motive that induced you to take such an arduous task upon yourself. I beg you now already, to express my inmost thanks to all these noble benefactors, these faithful souls, and tell them that, on the 26th I will say a special Holy Mass for them and will entreat our Divine Lord most urgently to reward them. Truly, Reverend Father, repeating your own words: The most beautiful good work we can do is to aid youths to become priests.

As soon as the director of the seminary returns, we shall select the students. Our choice shall be the poor and those who give the surest guarantee that they will really become priests and fulfill the conditions under which this great assistance has been granted by the generous donors. As soon as the distribution has been made, the letters to the individual parties will be sent.

And, now, dear, kind confrere in Christ, I bless you and all benefactors from my inmost heart, bless you for your charity. United in the Heart of Jesus, I am,

Your very humble and obedient,

✠ Ignatius Rieder, Archbishop

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

Dr. Sigmund Waitz, O. P., Bishop of Feldkirch, Tyrol, is in a very difficult situation. He must send his theological students outside of his diocese. We have had the pleasure of sending him 26 scholarships.

Feldkirch, Tyrol, July, 1921.

Reverend and Dear Father Lukas,

I am deeply touched by your kind letter and your untiring, self-sacrificing efforts in favor of our poor theologians. You thereby help

us to cope with a very bitter and almost insurmountable difficulty. Our theologians are obliged to go to Brixen, now part of Italy. On account of the difference in money value, the expenses are exorbitant! Without American help, it will be impossible for us to continue. The expenses for the two seminaries last year left us with a deficit of more than $12,000.00.

Trusting to the alms you will send us, I expect to carry through the theologians of North and East Tyrol and Vorarlberg. May God bountifully repay you and all our benefactors. In advance I thank all contributors. In this time of need and great want, such gifts are specially prized, but far more soothing is it to know that warm sympathetic hearts beat for our people and our priests!

You, yourself, Reverend Father, have gone to an incredible amount of labor on behalf of our students and theologians. I cannot find words to express my gratitude. During the current week yet, I will send a letter to each dear benefactor, and a large picture of the Sacred Heart with its dedication and thanks on the back. I keep a special register for this purpose, and a separate folder for each family, the more easily to manage the correspondence of the respective families with their adopted sons. After the opening of school in October, the scholarships will be distributed. I will again write to each donor and send the name of the protege, at the same time the student will write to his benefactor.

May the Eternal Recompenser richly reward you and all our benefactors in this world and in the next. Daily will I remember you at the holy altar.

✠ Dr. Sigmund Waitz, Bishop of Feldkirch.

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New York, Sept. 9, 1921. (Yuda)

Dear Sisters,

Here is another $50, this making $200. I cannot tell you how happy I am to be able to keep up the payments on the $500. I have never done any thing to make me feel as happy as this, and to tell you the entire truth, I was afraid I could not keep up with the payments but I place my trust in my Heavenly Father and I will surely pray for my adopted son.

Tulsa, Oklahoma. (Clota)

Dear Benedictine Sisters,

I read that "Thought from Heaven" in "Tabernacle and Purgatory" and feel it is my duty to do something. Enclosed is a check for $100.00. I am a widower, 65 years of age; have been operated on twice in the past five years, so about all the work I can do is pushing a lawn mower, cutting grass. If our Lord spares my life I intend to send $100.00 yearly until my adopted son is a priest. I cheerfully make this offering for the honor of God. . .

Brooklyn, N.Y., Aug. 4, 1921. (Liberamus)

Greetings to you, dear Sisters!

At the request of my daughter, I am sending you a check for $450.00 and a Liberty Bond of $50.00, to help a poor student whom God has called to the holy priesthood. My daughter earned these $500.00, by hard labor in a shoe factory. May it be applied to a worthy student who will become a priest according to the Heart of Jesus. We would like to correspond with him.

Hoping that God may graciously accept this offering, I remain,

Your grateful and loving friend.

The "Little Flower" Comes All in Smiles.

This is Venerable Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, the saintly Carmelite of Lisieux, whose virtues were declared "heroic" on August 2d. This lovable nun had such a sweet, engaging way of smiling that she won all hearts. May she win you, too, dear Reader, and persuade you by her charming smile to espouse the cause for which she now pleads. She begs you for a gift for her suffering religious sisters in the destitute Carmelite convents of Austria and Germany. Dear friends, do not imagine that the people in Europe, particularly the religious, need help no longer. Hundreds of letters on our file tell in heart-rending language the distress of poor convents and orphaned children. How they dread the approaching winter! One who knows the sad conditions in these war-stricken countries, and from who we have received the largest donations for their aid, wrote: "Use it for those who you think need it most. I have traveled in Europe (lately) and **I know the pitiable situation.**"

The cloistered Carmelite nuns suffer perhaps more than any others during these woeful times. They are true martyrs to their vocation. Their rule demands strict separation from the world; they cannot go out to solicit alms. They can only bear their poverty in silence, relying on Divine Providence to send them help. And, — would you believe it — sometimes they **substitute a visit to chapel for a meal.**

Oh, if men knew what untold benefits they receive through these saintly, hidden souls, they would hasten to their assistance! The cloistered Carmelites have nearly all retained the fervor kindled by their reformer, St. Teresa. They do not go out to help spread the Gospel,

they do not teach children, care for the aged, nurse the sick, — yet in reality they do all these things. For they aim at union with God, they pray and sacrifice themselves for the welfare of Holy Church and her ministers. Therefore they are held in the highest esteem by all enlightened Catholics, from the Sovereign Pontiff down to the humble faithful. They are the "heart" of the Church, for by their prayers and sacrifices they vivify and fructify all its active labors. Moses went up on the mount to pray while the Israelites were engaged in battle. Holy Scripture says: "When Moses **lifted up his hands,** Israel overcame; but if he let them down a little, Amalec (the enemy) overcame" (Exodus xvii. 11). — The prayer of Moses, not the valor of the warriors, won the battle. — By their prayers and hidden life of sacrifice, the cloistered, prayerful Orders fight the battles of Holy Church.

Our modern times judge everything from an active standpoint. But, behold, God has wonderfully exalted before the world today, the hidden, simple life of the Carmelites, by marvelously glorifying His servant, Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus. Hers was a hidden life of prayer, of small daily sacrifices, but it was a **life of love.** Now she appears to be the "pet" of heaven! The fame of her miracles reaches to the uttermost parts of the globe: — of this simple, hidden religious. By thus glorifying her, God gives a sign that He loves hidden, prayerful souls. God will surely bless those who, by their charity, help to preserve these "treasures" for Holy Church.

A Moment with Each.

The addresses of thirty six Carmelite convents lie before us. The following comments, selected from more than a hundred pitiful letters of these convents will give you a glimpse of their misery.

Their last Crown. During the past summer, the Carmelites of Linz were in utter want. They placed their last crown (⅛ of a cent) at the feet of St. Joseph and begged his help. How providential! That same day they received our* alms of $100.00. — Can you imagine their need, if reduced to the last crown!

Where shall they get clothes? "Our dear sisters are satisfied with the barest necessaries of life," writes the Prioress of Aufkirchen, "but now our poverty in regard to clothing is so great that most of our garments are actually in rags." — What will they do during the coming winter?

*Dear reader, by the words, "our alms," used throughout this article, we mean the donations which you and other generous friends and subscribers of "Tabernacle and Purgatory" have sent us to forward to Europe. In all the thanks and prayers you are a sharer!

God never forsakes His own — is the only pocket-book on which the Carmelites of Vilsiburg depend. "May the noble Americans never have to undergo such privations as we," is their prayer. They are at a loss as to how to buy fuel. They have only a little garden, and with difficulty sell their needlework, their sole support.

Another Carmel has **sold all its furniture,** except the absolutely necessary, to keep from starvation.

For a long time the investment of two novices in the Carmel of Aachen was postponed — **habit material was too expensive.** Our alms made it possible for them to be clothed. In gratitude for aid coming through us — Benedictines — they received the names: Sister Gertrude of the Divine Love and Sister Mechtilde of the Sacred Hearts. These are now your special intercessors! Surely their grateful prayer will obtain blessings for all who have enabled them to wear the holy habit!

The Carmelites of Dueren say, "We are the **very poorest** of the poor Carmels." They are too poor to buy candles, but on the day they received your alms through us, they had exposition of the Blessed Sacrament one day to thank God. Everything is so expensive, they can scarcely exist! Here Sister Agatha of the holy Father St. Joseph is appointed to offer her prayers and labors for you who have aided them.

A sacrificial lamb, Sister Emanuella, a young religious who has been bed-ridden for several years, prays for you in the Carmel of Gmunden. She has obtained signal favors for several of our subscribers who were recommended to her. The Prioress writes how they dread the coming winter. Last winter they had no coal at all, and the sisters suffered intensely. "Oh," she writes, "we would have been **starved and frozen to death** long ago, had it not been for your help!"

On Wednesday, dedicated to St. Joseph, our alms reached the Carmel in Kaernten. How joyful they were to see how their holy father St. Joseph, answered their petitions. These good Sisters are **actually on the verge of starvation;** their need of clothing is extreme. A little food costs an enormous sum! How will they exist without help?

From Innsbruck, the Prioress writes: "Had we not received your alms we **could not possibly have held out two weeks longer!** Now I can again procure the bare necessaries for the poor Sisters who have gone hungry so often. Perhaps they can recover with more nourishing food."

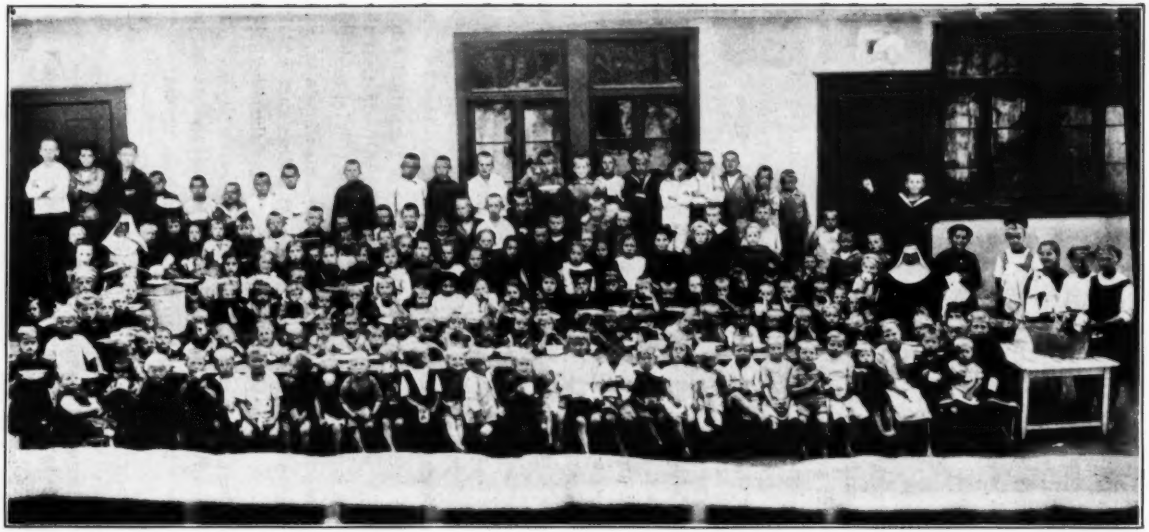
The account given by another Carmelite Prioress of their bitter need and their childlike confidence in Mary is most touching. The principal feast of this community is the Assumption, August 15th. Previous to this festival, the sisters were reduced to utter destitution. They were forced to borrow money to buy their daily sustenance; at times they had **not a coin in their possession.**

On the beautiful festival of the Assumption, a sister placed in the hands of Mary's statue which adorns their refectory, a spray of jasmine, and whispered: "Dearest Mother, if we are pleasing in thy sight, let these jasmine drop during our meal. We will regard this as a pledge of the blessings, spiritual and temporal, which thou wilt bestow."... Lo! during dinner, when the sisters were gazing at the image and one was singing a hymn, **a shower of jasmine fell from the Blessed Virgin's hands** to their great astonishment! They gathered the precious flowers as tokens of future graces and benefits... Two days later they received our alms which relieved their distress for the time. "When I received your gift," wrote the Prioress, "I went at once into the sister's stitching-room and called out: **My sisters, see Divine Providence!** Instantly we fell on our knees and intoned the *Maria Mater gratiae.* Then we prayed a *Hail Mary* for our benefactors with all the fervor of our grateful hearts... How I grieve," continues the letter, "for the sick and young religious! One young sister has come to me three times lately in tears. 'What is the matter?' I asked. 'O Mother, I know I should not complain, I who have vowed holy poverty, but I am so tormented by hunger that I can't help myself!' I told her Jesus was not displeased by her tears, but you know — **words alone cannot appease hunger.**" In this convent, a very saintly nun aged 77, Sister Elizabeth of the Holy Trinity, prays for your special intentions; also a novice, Sister Teresa Angelica, "angelic not only in name, but in truth, for she has the love of a seraph for the Blessed Sacrament," writes the Prioress. — Privileged those persons who can aid and share in the prayers of these hidden brides of Christ!

On September 14th we learned that the Sisters of Perpetual Adoration in Hall (Tyrol), suffer extremely. They are so poor that they had only 30 crowns in their possession when the Provincial took them our alms. Yet these holy souls, despite hunger and ill health, keep up the holy Adoration night and day. What sacrifices that entails! Surely God must look down with complacency when these angels of peace, forgetting their own sufferings and poverty, stretch forth their virgin-hands and pray with all the love of their virgin-hearts, that God may show mercy to a sinful world. Let us help them!

"The Poorest of the Poor!"

Besides the cloistered Carmelites, there is also a Third Order whose members care for children. These religious do immense good. They clothe and shelter the forlorn war-waifs, the poorest of the poor. We have been able to send a little alms to 17 of these houses; each is named "St. Joseph's Home." Possibly you remember the letters



These are Sister Antonia's little charges of Danzig. The cut blurs, but look at them through a magnifying glass. See the dark, hungry-looking eyes of those emaciated, stunted forms. Some are six years old and cannot walk, — a consequence of undernourishment. They are housed in a wood barrack. When it rains, the water stands on the floor. "Oh", wrote Sister Antonia, "in the name of the poor Infant Jesus, won't you give a piece of bread to each of these little ones!" For every gift these childish hearts call out: "God repay you a thousandfold!" She adds, "To suffer hunger and cold for days, weeks and months is dreadful!"

of one of these Carmelite nuns, Sr. Antonia of Danzig, whose touching appeals appeared in our April and June issues. The picture here reproduced shows her crowd of orphans. The good sisters could not provide a new dress and shoes and stockings for the First Communion of some of these children. "We could not think of that," wrote Sr. Antonia, **"our greatest concern is our daily bread."** Our Lord directed us to send them alms just at that time, and the little first communicants were overjoyed to have decent clothing.

St. Joseph's Home of Danzig is only a wood barrack, with hardly any provision for heating. How these little ones will have to cuddle together to keep warm this winter! Their winters are exceptionally severe, for they are situated in the dreary far-northern part of Germany. In the street, the poor Sisters waited every morning last winter during the bitter cold and snow, from 4:00 until 5:00 A. M. for the potato dealer. Then they were allowed to purchase only a limited amount for their 324 orphans!

Oh, you who love the "Little Flower," help her poor suffering sisters, both cloistered and those in charge of children. Sr. Teresa could "come down" herself and help them, as she did on January 16, 1914 to the Prioress of Gallipoli, but she wishes you to give alms that you may obtain the reward of charity. Help to bring **Christmas joy** to the Carmels of Europe! You will never come short. Remember, the **hand of the poor is the bank of God.** There is no danger of this bank failing; its capital is inexhaustible; it pays interest a thousand per cent!

Mar. 2, 1921

Monastery of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi.

My very Reverend Father,

Only the good Providence of God could have sent you to our aid in a moment of deep distress. When our well-beloved Cardinal sent us your letter, I was just about to console our little treasurer who was crying bitterly, knowing absolutely not how to nourish our numerous community. Oh, I thank you with all my soul! May God repay you the good you have done us, and what you will do in future, by interesting some people of good will who will come to our aid.

Many young sisters are sick owing to lack of nourishment. The doctors assured us we would lose all our youthful sisters. These poor nuns faint very often and have continual fever. Never any eggs, very seldom milk, and scarcely ever meat (except poor horse meat)! We work from morning till night, but that is insufficient to supply our needs. The dowries we once had are gone, and the future looks sad. We can only trust in God's loving Providence.

Through you, Reverend Father, we received the first offering from America. How we thank you! How did our cry of distress reach you? Certainly our dear Lord inspired you to come to our aid. Prostrate close by our holy mother, St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, whose incorrupt body reposes under the altar of our choir, we pray for our generous benefactors. May she obtain for all of you her own ardent and passionate love for our Adorable Master. Pray for us, and I beg you, if you meet any benefactors of the Carmelites, recommend us to their charity.

Asking your blessing, I remain with profound respect,

Sr. M. Madeline of the Incarnate Word, Discalced Carmelite

St. Gertrude the Great.

"Herald of Divine Love."

GOD'S OBJECT in imparting to St. Gertrude so many wonderful revelations, **was to manifest His infinite love for man.** "It is the love of My Heart which has inspired thy writings," Jesus said to His spouse when He commanded her to write the revelations she had received. Gertrude, in her humility, hesitated to publish the singular favors with which Divine Goodness had privileged her. But our Lord conquered her repugnance by saying: "Be assured, that thou shalt not be released from the prison of the flesh until thou hast paid this debt... **I wish these revelations to be, for later ages, the evidence of My love to draw souls to My Heart."**

When our saint asked her Savior what title she should give to her book of revelations, He responded: "This book shall be called 'Herald of Divine Love', for in it the sweetness of My Divine love will in some measure be tasted." "But," said Gertrude in astonishment, What authority wilt Thou give to this book, since Thou dost deign to give it such a title?"

Jesus answered: "To each one who reads in this book for My honor, with the right faith and humble devotion, with grateful sentiments and a desire of being edified, I grant remission of venial sins, the grace of spiritual consolation, and the ability to receive still greater favors."

On another occasion, our Lord said to Gertrude: "If anyone devoutly reads in this book with a desire for spiritual progress, I shall attract him so closely to Myself, that he will read therein under My hands, as it were. I shall unite Myself to him in this work just as it happens when two read on the same page of a book, that one feels the breath of the other. Similarly, I shall attract his desire so that the innermost depths of My love shall be moved toward him. I shall infuse into him the breath of My Divinity, whereby he will be interiorly renewed by My Spirit."

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The Sacrament of Love. — After Three Hundred Fourteen Years! — The Most Beautiful Greeting. — A Blasphemer Punished. — A Heavenly Stream. — Sister Angela's Troubles. — Letter of the Holy Father.— Holy Joys! — The "Thought from Heaven." — The "Little Flower" Comes All in Smiles. — St. Gertrude the Great.

For October

Massachusetts: "*Your lovely reading matter has instructed and benefited me so much that I am anxious others may obtain the same pleasure and happiness that I have received from same. It was a great grace of God to have been shown a copy of your paper which has brought me closer to our Lord and His Blessed Mother.*"

A friend: "*I received the booklets. I lend them, and all who read them are much impressed; they say they do more good than ten sermons.*"

The Rosary, My Treasure

An infallible means of obtaining heaven. — The power of this devotion. — Beauty of the Rosary prayers. — Reflections on the mysteries. A nun: "We find this booklet a real treasure and hope it will help to increase the devotion to the rosary."

Under Mary's Mantle

The powerful patronage of Mary — Under Mary's mantle in childhood; how to consecrate children to the Blessed Virgin. — Under Mary's mantle in the trials of life; in our last hour. Striking examples of how Mary protects her own.

Mary, Mother of God

Deals with the sanctity and dignity of Mary as Mother of God; the mystery of the Incarnation. To read this booklet and in return not to love and esteem Mary is well-nigh impossible.

Mary, Our Mother

Catholics have a true, a tender, a compassionate Mother in the Blessed Virgin. She is the "Cause of their joy." You will fly to her with greater confidence if you read how she is:— our ladder to heaven, our advocate and consolation in life and in death.

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Advantages of the veneration of the Holy Virgin; in what devotion to Mary consists; the Immaculate Conception. A friend: "Please forward me fifty copies . . . Thank the dear devoted author who got this booklet out."

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First Communion and Birthday Gifts

Small beads, 10 year guarantee, rolled-gold chain	$2.00
Large beads, " " " " " "	2.75

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Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Mo.

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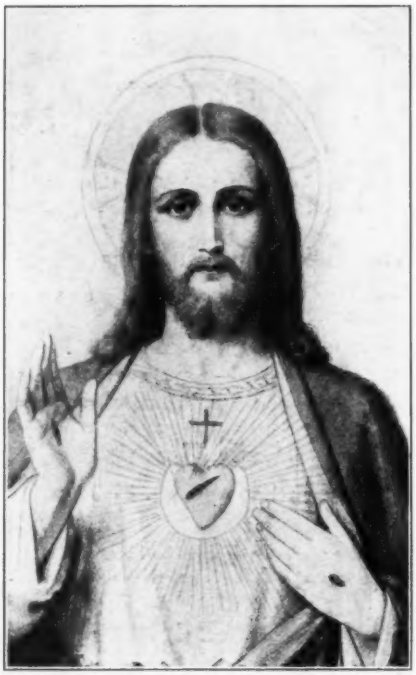

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